



## ARE YOU FOR LAW AND ORDER? ARE YOU 100 PER CENT AMERICAN?

If so, you will give to the great nation-wide campaign now under way in Virginia to raise funds to combat anarchy and Americanize our foreign residents.

Uncle Sam's agents who are enforcing prohibition laws have endorsed this campaign and called on the people of the United States to support it.

Attorney-General Palmer, Ex-President Taft, the Congress of the United States, in fact all thinking people have recognized the necessity for an organized effort to Americanize foreigners in combatting the insidious progress of Bolshevism and Communism.

The appeal for funds is being made in your community today. The drive for Virginia's quota of \$750,000 is drawing to a close. Can you fail to heed this appeal to your patriotism?

THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE OF AMERICA WORLD-WIDE  
PROHIBITION AND LAW ENFORCEMENT CAMPAIGN

## PALAIS ROYAL

The House of Fashion."

Staunton, - - - - - Va.

### Greatest Ready to Wear Sale

of fine quality—well made Ladies Garments, at very low prices 300 Coats at about half original worth

#### 300 COATS

To close out at about one-half their value, divided into 3 lots. 100 Handsome Coats in the very latest styles and materials. Chameleon, Allama and other of the very highest priced materials, many of these coats have very handsome Fur Collars of Seal, Raccoon and Beaver. All beautiful lined. These Coats sold up to \$100. Just think of them at only \$50.75.

LOT NO. 2—ABOUT 100 COATS. Beautifully lined; Materials are Silvertone, Silversheens, Duvel Superior, Broadcloth, Wool Veloury, Silk Plush, Deavertex, etc. Many of them with beautiful fur collars. The majority of these coats are worth \$60. to \$65.

A good look will convince you of their value at \$39.75.

LOT NO. 3, ABOUT 100 ALL WOOL COATS plain and fur trimmed. The majority of these coats are worth \$30 and 25. A great bargain at \$19.75.

All the coats in this sale are new. No old stock.

EVERY SUIT AND DRESS MUST GO Any suit in the house that sold from \$100 to \$175 for \$79.95. All other suits 1-4 Off. Alterations Free

#### DRESSES!

The most wonderful values dresses you have ever seen. A rack of handsome dresses in Georgette, Satin, Taffeta, wool serges, Tricotines and Jerseys. All new styles. About one half their original price. \$19.75

Other wonderful bargains in Sweaters, Heavy Underwear, Waists, Children Coats, etc. All Millinery half price. Don't miss this sale of real bargains.

## DON'T BE MISLED

by superfluous and unscrupulous quotations from

"quack" houses. Sell your raw Furs, Beef Hides, Junk etc. to a well established, reliable and prompt pay house. The HOUSE OF KLOTZ is always in the market and always allows the highest available prices. Ship now and get results that will be satisfactory.

## AMOS KLOTZ

Dealer in raw Furs, Hides, Wool, Rubber, Iron etc  
Phone 638 Staunton, Va.

## Will Not be One Day Without

## PE-RU-NA

This Lady TELLS Her FRIENDS

Mrs. Mary Fricke, 507 Borman St., Belleville, Ill., is just one of the many thousands of ladies throughout the country who, after an agony of years, have at last found health, strength and vigor in PE-RU-NA.

Her own words tell of her suffering and recovery better than we can do it: "I suffered with my stomach, had awful cramps and headaches so I often could not lay on a pillow. Saw your book, tried PE-RU-NA and got good results from the first bottle. To be sure of a cure I took twelve bottles. I have recommended PE-RU-NA to my friends and all are well pleased with results. I will not be one day without PE-RU-NA. Have not had a doctor since I started with PE-RU-NA, which was about fifteen years ago. I am now sixty-three years old, hale, hearty and well. Can do as much work as my daughters. I feel strong and healthy and weigh near two hundred pounds. Before, I weighed as little as one hundred. I hope lots of people use PE-RU-NA and get the results I did." An experience like that of Mrs. Fricke is an inspiration to every sick and suffering woman.

If you have catarrh, whether it be of the nose, throat, stomach, bowels, or other organs, PE-RU-NA is the remedy. It is not new; it is not an experiment. PE-RU-NA has been tried. PE-RU-NA has been used by thousands who once were sick and are now well. To prevent coughs, colds, grip and influenza and to hasten recovery there is nothing better.

PE-RU-NA will improve the appetite and digestion, purify the blood, soothe the irritated mucous linings, eradicate the waste material and corruption from the system. It will tone up the nerves, give you health, strength, vigor and the joy of living. Do what Mrs. Mary Fricke and thousands more have done—try PE-RU-NA. You will be glad, happy, thankful.

Tablet or Liquid. Sold Everywhere

### Commissioners' Sale of Valuable Real Estate

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Highland County rendered on the 31st day of July, 1919, the undersigned commissioners appointed by the court for the purpose, will proceed on WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1920, at ten o'clock a. m., in front of the court house of Highland county in the village of Monterey, to sell at public auction, the tract of land belonging to Jacob T. Botkin, containing 140 acres, more or less, together with improvements and appurtenances lying on the Bull Pasture mountain adjoining the land of Christian Simmon's estate, Abel H. Armstrong and others. The said sale being in gross and not by the acre.

The land in question is the same of which the late John Botkin died, seized and possessed, and which was acquired by him in 3 tracts, described in the deeds as containing 50 acres, 44 acres, and 46 acres respectively; and which lands were devised to said Jacob T. Botkin by the last will and Testament of said John Botkin, duly of record in the clerk's office of Highland county.

The estate sold is the interest of T. J. Botkin in said land, namely, the fee-simple subject only to certain rights for her life-time held by Effie Jane Botkin therein, giving by said Will, as the same having been fully defined and declared in the decree of the Circuit Court of Highland county, rendered in the case of J. T. Botkin vs. Effie Jane Botkin on the 29th day of August, 1917.

TERMS OF SALE—One fourth cash in hand on the day of sale, and the residue in 3 equal annual installments, bearing interest from the day of sale, said deferred installments, being evidenced by the three bonds of the purchaser, with approved personal security, bearing date on the day of sale, and payable respectively at one, two, and three years after date, with interest from date, and waiving the Homestead Exemption, the title to be retained as ultimate security.

Andrew L. Jones  
Edwin B. Jones  
Rudolph Bumgardner,  
Commissioners

In the Clerk's Office of the Circuit Court of Highland County:

This is to certify that bond has been given in the case of H. H. Jones vs. J. T. Botkin etc. by Rudolph Bumgardner, attorney, as required by the decree in said cause rendered on the 31st day of July, 1919.

Given under my hand this 3rd day of October, 1919.

W. H. MATHENY, Clerk.

### HIGHLAND COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County and District Officers:

Henry W. Holt, Judge of Circuit Court, Staunton, Va.

Terms of Court—4th Tuesday in April, 2d Tuesday July, 2d Tuesday October.

Andrew L. Jones, Commonwealth Attorney, Monterey, Va.

W. H. Matheny, Clerk, Monterey, Va.  
W. N. Bird, Sheriff, Monterey, Va.  
H. M. Slaven, Treasurer, Monterey, Va.

J. W. E. Lockridge, Commissioner of Revenue, Monterey, Va.

L. L. Beverage, Co. Surveyor, Monterey, Va.

Walter Mullenax, Supt. of Poor, Crab bottom, Va.

R. E. Mauxy, Supt. of Schools, Hightown, Va.

John M. Colaw, Commissioner of accounts, Monterey, Va.

Blue Grass District

J. W. Hevener, Supervisor (Chrm.) Hightown, Va.

Lee J. Wimer, Overseer of Poor, Crabbottom, Va.

Ben H. Colaw, Constable, Crabbottom Va.

D. O. Bird, Justice, Valley Center, Va.

E. D. Swecker, Justice, Monterey, Va.

M. K. Simmons, Justice, Crabbottom, Monterey District.

A. J. Terry, Supervisor, Trimble, Va.

Arthur Hevener, Overseer of Poor, Monterey, Va.

J. H. Samples, Justice, Monterey, Va.

I. D. Gutshall, Justice, Vanderpool, Va.

J. H. Burns, Justice, Bolar, Va.

Stonewall District.

J. H. Armstrong, Supervisor, McDowell, Va.

J. W. Simmons, Constable, Headwaters, Va.

Lurty Armstrong, Overseer of Poor, Doe Hill, Va.

L. M. Pope, Justice, Doe Hill, Va.

G. A. Propst, Justice, McDowell.

Robert Shumate, Justice, McDowell, Va.

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HOWARD WINSTON, Registrar University, Va.

## NEEDED A MASTER

German Official Helpless in the  
Absence of Orders.

Burgermeister's Case Typical of the Lack of Initiative Resulting From the System of Militarism So Long in Vogue.

The burgermeister of B— am Rhein was a person who looked like a white rat that had been thoroughly soaked and shaved. And he had the faculty, which all Germans have, of concealing his cords and muscles at a moment's notice, and could assume the rigor of an epileptic in the presence of superiors. To watch him slide into your office, uncover his teeth, spy you, and suddenly straighten himself up in obedience to an unspoken Achtung, was an impressive experience.

The American general's aid, appointed to this particular suburb of Coblenz, often wondered why the arrest of every vital function should be considered polite. He distrusted that German salute. It was too much like playing possum.

When the burgermeister came into the ortskommendantur, the aid told him that, in so far as he behaved himself, he would have nothing to fear from the American army; and that in so far as it didn't interfere with the satisfaction of American interests, he was to continue governing the town as usual.

The burgermeister stiffened himself and withdrew.

The aid was pleased. His first official act, he felt, had been kindly, yet firm, just but not harsh. If he had his way, B— would not suffer as northern France had suffered. He was going to show these boches that the Americans weren't there to terrorize, or to Americanize, but simply to occupy territory according to the terms of the armistice.

But he could not see the scene in the burgermeister's office overhead—the holding of cheeks in hands, the striking of chests, the weary and rapid breathing of bewilderment, the groans of despair. And the next morning, when he went to the ortskommendantur, he was met by a request that he grant an audience to his German colleague. It was 10 o'clock, the exact hour of yesterday's meeting.

He granted the request, and in a moment the shaved rat slid in through a slit in the open door and ran his tongue over his pink lips. His little black eyes shone like shoe buttons, and he kept scratching the palms of his hands.

He wanted to know if the Herr Oberleutnant had any orders for him. The Herr Oberleutnant wanted to know why.

"Ach!" cried the burgermeister, "before the Americans came we had a government. Now we had none. How, then, can I run the town of B— as I used to run it? There is no one to tell me what to do. If only the Herr Oberleutnant would express his wishes!"

The aid narrowed his eyes and looked at him in disgust.

"Have the streets cleaned," he said, and turned to his work.

The face of the burgermeister was radiant. He had found a boss.

In less than thirty minutes a platoon of boches was assembled in the street before the ortskommendantur. Every other man carried a broom at right shoulder arms and the man at his side a shovel. The burgermeister stood on the steps of the building, with a pencil in one hand and a long list in the other, and checked off their names.

Then, "Hup!" said the burgermeister.

Out of the ranks jumped four men, saluted, and faced the platoon.

"Hup!" said the first of the four; and a little squad of brooms and shovels faced to the right and marched off briskly northward.

"Hup!" said the second of the four; and another little squad trotted off, to the east.

"Hup!" said the third, and "Hup!" said the fourth, and soon all points of the compass had received their squads.

And the voice of the gefreite was heard in the land. Clouds of dust hung over B— am Rhein, shovels scraped on the cobblestones, brooms swept the roadways. The town was being cleaned.

The burgermeister stepped into the burgermeister's office and jabbed his pencil three times into his right ear. "So-o-o," he said with pride and satisfaction.

And from that day on the aid gave him orders punctually at 10 a. m.—George Boas, in Atlantic Monthly.

Ireland Again.

Two Irishmen were walking along one of the main thoroughfares in Glasgow when they noticed a large placard in the window of a shop with the words: "Butter! Butter! Butter!"

"Pat!" said Mike, "what is the meaning of them big strokes after the words?"

"Och, ye ignoramus," says Pat, "sure they are meant for shillelachs, to show it's Irish butter."—London Idios.

Business Training.

Serious consideration is being given to the need of higher commercial training when London university proposes to collect \$2,300,000 to establish a course in commerce, that is to say, to create a commercial faculty, schools, ships, travelling clerkships, erect buildings and get a library. The need of higher commercial training impresses the British.

## WHEN DADDY MINDS BABY

Sometimes His Work is Better Than Mother's, is the Opinion of an English Writer.

Many a father is far more competent to look after a baby than the mother. He simply looks at it and the baby smiles.

First aid is often necessary in the case of babies. They do a silly thing and then kick up a row because they've done it. Suppose baby has swallowed a thimble? Mother is distracted. She rushes about shrieking and saying she knows the baby will die. What does father do? He remains quite calm. With his strong right hand he seizes the baby's feet and holds it upside down. "Now, dear," he says to his wife, "watch what comes up." He ought to have said "comes down," but let that pass. She does, and then suddenly she discovers the thimble on her finger. It was the only place she hadn't searched!

Mothers are not to be trusted, remarks a writer in London Answers. They mean well, but they are far too imaginative. They watch the baby too closely. Nobody likes being watched. They watch its little gums so hard that the first tooth gets nervous and is afraid to come out.

If the tooth doesn't come through exactly when they expect it, they take baby to the doctor.

Then there is the question of language. The words some babies pick up from their mothers are truly terrible. Those stupid words mothers will coin when talking to baby—"diddams—diddams—toddly oodly—googloogoo!" That sort of thing is bad for baby. He does not grow up with a proper respect for words.

Fathers never offend in that way. They talk to the baby as man to man instead of as idiot to idiot. Certainly your baby may turn out to be an idiot later on. But why advertise the fact to the world so early?

## ARE YOU REALLY EDUCATED?

If So, You Can Answer Yes to All of the Following Questions, Says Professor.

A series of test questions for the educated has been evolved by a professor of the University of Chicago, which he declares are the best evidences of a real education. You are truly educated if you can answer yes to the following questions, so says the professor:

Has education made you public spirited?

Has it made you a brother to the weak?

Have you learned how to make friends and keep them?

Do you know what it means to be a friend yourself?

Can you look an honest man or a pure woman in the eye?

Do you see anything to love in a little child.

Will a lonely dog follow you on the street?

Can you be high-minded and happy in the drudgeries of life?

Do you think that washing dishes and hoeing corn is just as compatible with high thinking as playing piano or golf?

Are you good for anything yourself?

Can you be happy alone?

Can you look out on the world and see anything but dollars and cents?

Can you look into a mud puddle by the wayside and see a clear sky?

Can you see anything in the puddle but mud?

Why "Apostle Spoons."

"Apostle spoons," also called "gossip spoons," were gift spoons given by the sponsors or "gossips" to a child at its christening. They were so called because each spoon had a figure of an apostle on the handle. Wealthy people gave the whole twelve apostles; those of less means and generosity gave the four evangelists; while poorer persons had to be contented with one, bearing generally the figure of the donor or of the child's patron saint.

There is a capital picture of a full set in Hone's "Everyday Book," copied from one in possession of the author. It is noticeable that each apostle seems to wear a broad-brimmed hat—the hat, in fact, being a plate of metal which was put on the head to preserve the features from injury, and which is to be seen on all genuine apostle spoons.

Rats Welcome.

Coal mines and other mines are always full of rats, which become exceedingly tame and saucy, being never killed or molested by the miners. The latter believe that to kill one would bring bad luck.

Indeed, it may be said that rats are very useful in mines. They do good service as scavengers; and, what is more important, they give warning by their actions in the presence of dangerous gases, being more sensitive to them than human beings.

When a "cave-in" is about to occur, the rats often give timely notice, scampering about in an unusual manner. Doubtless the preliminary cracking of the rocks alarms them.

Paradoxical Feelings.

"I felt cold chills coming over me when the train stopped."

"What was the trouble."

"A hot box."

Young Fan.

Sunday School Teacher (speaking of the Apostles)—Peter made one error—Irrepressible Kite—How many runs did it let in, teacher?

## MADE BRAVE FIGHT FOR LIFE

Half-Breed Sailor, Wrecked Off Philippines, Simply Determined He Would Not Die.

Among the crew of the Poigat, a ship that foundered off Malabon, in the Philippines, was a half-breed sailor named Alejandro Lorenzo. In the moment of the ship's sinking he was agile enough, and lucky enough, to leap clear of the wreck and escape the deadly suction of the disappearing vessel. He was alive and uninjured, but he was many miles from shore, and there was no help in sight.

After swimming for an hour he found a hatch cover on which he rested. Then pushing the hatch cover ahead, he started for San Nicolas. He was just reaching shallow water when the tide carried him out to sea again.

As night came on the wind increased and the waves tossed him and his hatch cover back and forth till he was almost exhausted, being washed toward the Cavite shore. For several hours he drifted in, but just as his hope grew strong the tide and wind swept him in spite of his struggles once more out to sea.

Something brushed against his leg. He thought that it was a shark and screamed in fear. "It did not touch me, or I should have gone mad," he said. The water was cold, the night was dark and the rain beat down on him. He heard a cry in the darkness, and pushed his hatch cover in the direction whence the sound came. He found a Filipino boy, another survivor of the wreck, clinging to an oil box. They drifted together.

When daylight came they could see boats, but could not make themselves heard or seen. They were tortured by thirst, salt water got into their mouths, they drifted all day.

Night came again. Soon after dark they saw the lights of a breakwater, and with new hopes noticed that the lights grew larger and more distinct. They were being washed toward the shore. But the boy could not hold out. Taken with cramps, he lost his hold on the oil box and went down. The man was washed into the middle of the bay and drifted all night.

At dawn he was almost ready to give up, but the wind and waves headed him for the shore and he took heart. Then he saw boats and used his last strength in trying to reach them. The boatmen saw him, were able to get to him in time and picked him out of the water. There was not much of the man left, and shrieking for water, he collapsed in the bottom of the boat.

As he lay on a pallet, after he found himself able to talk again, his rescuers spoke of his wonderful endurance. Alejandro in reply said that, of course, he had done the best he could. He wanted to live, he said.—New York Herald.

## Double Performers.

The other night Mrs. Carrie B. Adams, leader of Terre Haute's community singing, and Maj. Birch Bayh, of the Indiana State Normal school, were on the same program. Now, Mrs. Adams did not know that Maj. Bayh was the speaker of the evening, but she did know that he could sing. So when the audience seemed rather tired she turned to Mr. Bayh and said: "You sing the next verse as a solo."

Major Bayh seemed embarrassed, but complied with her request. Hardly had he taken his seat when his speech was announced. He arose, greeted his audience and then turned to Mrs. Adams: "Now, before I get through I'm going to call on you to play 'ring-around-the-rosy,' or do some stunt out here on the floor," he threatened.

The audience laughed, but Mrs. Adams was evidently baffled, for she immediately found it necessary to go in search of her coat.—Indianapolis News.

## Mixed Relationship.

Here is a double marriage at Salem, Ore., in which one bridegroom is both father-in-law and stepfather to the other, while the other becomes both son-in-law and stepson. The doors of the county clerk's office were just closing when two men appeared and asked if it were possible to obtain marriage licenses at so late an hour.

Upon being assured that a license could be issued, August Kluge, aged fifty-four, and a carpenter by trade, produced the necessary physical certificate and received a license to marry Mrs. C. K. Keyser, forty-five of this city.

Mr. Keyser's mother is the prospective bride of Mr. Kluge, so the couples probably will have no little trouble in trying to decide their relationship to each other.—St. Louis Republic.

## Untidy Streets.

The New York Merchants' association has an anti-litter bureau, that is now engaged in a campaign against dirty streets. The cost of cleaning up the refuse that would have been dropped into the very convenient containers, but a just dropped in the street is enormous. School children are reported as serious offenders, for they bring paper from the schoolroom and tear and scatter it upon the streets. That isn't patriotic—not a bit.

## Trademark, as It Were.

Walford wanted to go to his Aunt Addie, but had a dirty face. His mother said: "If Aunt Addie has company she would be ashamed of you with such a dirty face."

"Oh, no, she wouldn't," she would just say, "This is one of Margaret's boys," and did it let in, teacher?

## HOLD TO OLD SUPERSTITIONS

People of Labrador, Inheriting Strange Beliefs, Have Retained Full Faith in Them.

The superstitions still found among the people of Labrador are attributable to the remoteness of the country from the current of the world's thought, the natural tendency of seafaring people, and the fact that the days when the forbears of these fishermen left "Merrie England" to seek a living by the harvest of the sea, and finally settling on these rocky shores, were those when witches and hobgoblins and charms and amulets were accepted beliefs, says Dr. Grenfell in "A Labrador Doctor."

"Nevertheless, today, as a medical man, one is startled to see a fox's or a wolf's head suspended by a cord from the center and to learn that it will always twist the way from which the wind is going to blow. One man had a barometer of this kind hanging from his roof and explained that the peculiar fact was due to the nature of the animals, which in life always went to the windward of others; but if you had a seal's head similarly suspended, it would turn from the wind, owing to the timid character of that creature. Moreover, it surprises one to be assured, on the irrefutable and quite unquestioned authority of 'old Aunt Anne Sweetapple,' that aged cats always become playful before a gale of wind comes on.

"There is a great belief in fairies on the coast. A man came to me once to cure what he was determined to believe was a balsam on his baby's nose. The birthmark to him resembled that tree. More than one had given currency if not credence to the belief that the reason why the bull's-eye was so hard to hit in one of our running deer rifle matches was that he had previously charmed it. If a woman sees a hare without cutting out and keeping a portion of the dress she is then wearing her child will be born with a hare lip.

"A little farther south along the coast is a baby suffering from ophthalmia. The doctor had been called in only because blowing sugar in its eyes had failed to cure it. Protestant and Catholic alike often sew up bits of paper, with prayers written on them, in little sacks that are worn around the neck as an amulet, and green worsted tied around the wrist is reported to be the never failing cure for hemorrhage.

"When stripping a patient for examination I noticed that he removed from his neck what appeared to be a very large scapular. I asked him what it could be. It was a haddock's fin bone—a charm against rheumatism."

## Three Witches of Belvoir.

Here are their names: Anne Barker, Jeanne Willmont, Ellen Greene. And, above all, here is the name of their cat, "Rutterkin." For by means of Rutterkin they entered, said they, into communion with familiar spirits. These three witches, who lived in 1618, were the confidential servants of the earl of Rutland at Belvoir castle, England. They had a grudge—today we should say a "grouch"—against the earl and determined upon revenge. They managed to pluck a hair from the head of a member of the family, and they burned it for ill luck. They securely made off with the glove of the earl and rubbed it on the back of Rutterkin to call down bodily harm on the glove's owner. They were believed to have accomplished the death of the earl's son, through frightening the boy, and they were tried at Lincoln, condemned, and burned at the stake for the crime of "witchcraft." At that era the question of "witchcraft" was stalking through the world.

## Like Oldtime Sea Story.